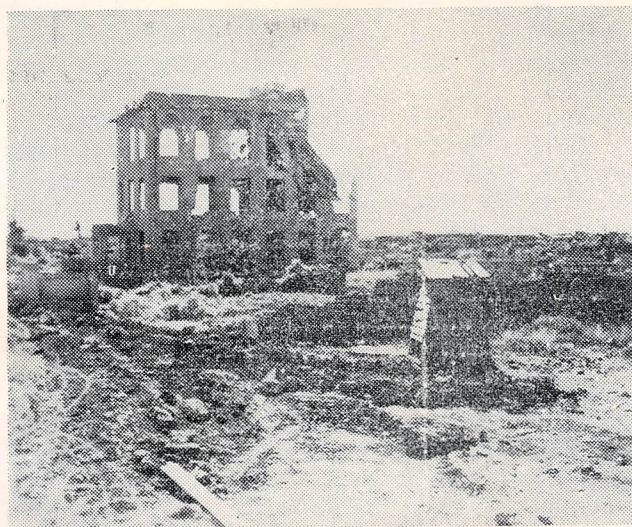


NAHA, OKINAWA



All that is left of downtown, Naha, capitol of Okinawa, after the American siege. This picture was taken by Bob Wagner of St. Paul, Minn., who was in the thick of the Okinawa battle. During the recent typhoon while Bob was stranded and detached from his company, all the records of his outfit went with the wind. He was holed-up in an ambulance with one box of rations on which he and two buddies existed for three days. Several interesting pictures have been received from Bob; lack of funds prevents reproduction of more of them.

WE THREE

By DENNIS KILDARE

It was one of those lovely, lazy, colorful afternoons which occur occasionally in the late Canadian autumn. The three of us, Pierre, Jaro, and I, after a half-hour climb, had reached the comfortable summit of a hill and were lying in long grass under a bright sun. Below us the neat farms of the parish of Saint Antoine du Lac ran in long, narrow strips toward the blue St. Lawrence. A faint but continuous peal of bells rose from this near-by village church, and we saw four brown-robed Franciscans moving along the country road, their sandals stirring little clouds of dust as they hurried to supervise one of the innumerable religious processions so characteristic of special feast-days in every small community in Quebec.

Pierre is a third-year law student at Laval. Jaro is a young Czech artist who came to Canada in 1942, after miraculous escape from German occupied France. And I, Ian Gordon, am a descendant of a Scottish family which settled in Ontario a century or more ago. The three of us met at a conference last year and have been friends ever since.

Pierre stretched his long lean legs and turned his gaze toward the great blue river. "Le Saint-Laurent," he murmured. "It is the greatest river in the world. What a river, what a country, what a people! The French," he added, "are the true Canadiens."

An ironic smile floated for a moment across Jaro's face and he whistled a few bars of Smetana.

"Ah, the Moldau!", snorted Pierre disdainfully. "It is merely a canal."

Jaro's voice rose in sudden anger and he became fiercely nationalistic. "It is called the Vltava" he almost shouted. "It is a river with a great history, and a great people lived on its banks before you French ever came to this land."

I intervened. How stupid it was to quarrel on this beautiful afternoon when the whole earth seemed touched by heaven! I chided Jaro about his over-sensitivity. I reminded Pierre that Quebec was not a country but a province, that the St. Lawrence began far west of Quebec and was fed by lakes and waterways from all the rest of Canada. Jaro and Pierre made their apologies, and both confessed they had acted like children.

Still, the situation had not been entirely amusing; friends can easily become enemies due to some unintentional remark. It was a problem we pondered and discussed for hours, but we left with the blessed realization and complete convictions that we were not mere subjects of a particular country, but the heirs and beneficiaries of a universal culture. We, like men of many race or nation, have benefited from the arts, crafts, science, and literature of every other race or nation. Who but the Chinese Lao-Tze taught us as almost no one else, to sift the essential from the unessential. We thought of the hours we had spent discussing the keen rationalism of the French Voltaire, we thought of the imperishable beauty we had found in the music of Chopin the Pole, we thought of Beethoven and Schiller, the great German liberals and their dreams of world-brotherhood, of the matchless breadth of Goethe's knowledge, of Gustav Mahler, the Bohemian Jew, and the haunting nature-pessimism of his "Song of the Earth." We discovered that all the really great artists, composers, poets, philosophers, political leaders, and statesmen, had, like Shakespeare, been men who thought in terms of Universals rather than narrow nationalism.

And we three, friends and citizens of the world, descended the hill together.

BABIES...



A "Special Shipment" arrived on Oct. 4th to Rev. and Mrs. Eugene Ten Brink. The "Bundle of Joy" weighed 9 lbs. and 11 oz. and is named Carol Eileen. The event took place in Ithaca, New York.

Eugene Ten Brink is an old pal of ours. I met him at Circle Pines, Mich., a Co-op camp, in 1939. He was a grand host to many of us when we visited Holland, Mich. to participate in the Tulip Time Festival. Gene, of Dutch extraction, attended Wayne University in Detroit, was graduated from Hope College, in Holland, Michigan, in 1942, and was ordained for the Dutch Reformed Church Ministry in May of this year at the New Brunswick Seminary in New Jersey. Mrs. Ten Brink is the former Ruth Eileen Loring, of Orono, Me., is a graduate of the U. of Maine and attended the Merrill-Palmer School in Detroit where she specialized in child development. Congratulations to all of you.

Eugene is now studying at Cornell U., in Ithaca, N. Y., working toward a Master of Science degree and preparing for Village Rehabilitation work in Southern India where he plans to fly next summer as a missionary. Says he: "I shall be able to pick up some Hindu folk dances to share with you. I am told that the classical Hindu dances are very lovely. You have helped to make an interest and a joy in the folk dances of the peoples of all the world a permanent part of my being."

OVER HERE...

Bill Brooks, AERT 2/c made up for lost time during his 30 day furlough in Chicago. He took in folk dancing almost every evening of the week. Bill has been on various out posts in Alaska and its islands, mainly on Kodiak, Dutch Harbor, and Sand Point, for two full years. He is an Aerographer (weather man). When at Anchorage (Kodiak), he got to do some folk dancing, and did Schottisches, waltzes, square dances, and a peculiar form of polkas, as that town boasted of a folk dance society. Bill has been in the Navy 33 months altogether, receiving his training at Great Lakes, Ill., and at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Bill was on our last trip to Washington, D. C., to participate in the National Folk Festival, and want help he turned out to be! Being a long legged guy, he tried to perform a feat when he suddenly leaped over a tall hedge and across a wide sidewalk, but landing on the curb, he tripped and injured his spine which disabled him for the two weeks we were out East. "Why mothers grow gray". During our Int. House folk dancing, Bill still remembered the dances well enough to be able to demonstrate them.

Cpl. George Lavell is on edge, and so are we. He wrote his honey, Patsy McNamara, that he was coming home on a ten day furlough and we all perked up with anticipation. Then, the army decided to cancel his furlough and instead promised him a discharge by Xmas. We reckon that's even better.

Dean Saxton PHM 3/ had an emergency operation which resulted in the removal of an appendix. He progressed so rapidly on the road to recovery after the operation that he was able to walk the following day. It is good to see him around again, doing folk dancing as though nothing had happened.... Brother Bill had a ten day furlough which he spent at home in Plymouth, Mich.

Eddie McNeil, RT 2/C, instead of being assigned for a ship upon graduation from Navy Pier, Chicago, was made instructor of Radar and remained at the Pier. Eddie does not mind it at all as he is able to continue with his folk dancing at Int. House and Northwestern. Being stationed at the Pier, he gets to go home week-ends to Whiting, Indiana.

Sgt. Lawrence Stubblefield, who was taken prisoner at Corregidor, and was imprisoned for forty months, is now at the Valley Forge General Hospital at Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. Lawrence, a Fairhopean, enlisted in February of 1941, and at the time of capture, was serving in the intelligence department. Prior to military life, he was a counsellor for several years at Adventure Island, a boys camp, near Fish Creek, Wisconsin.... Another Fairhopean who was taken prisoner by the Japanese in 1942 is Lt. Ben Liall. He is recovering from his imprisonment ordeal at Camp Butner, North Carolina. The latest news is that both boys are now in Fairhope.

Bill Saxton, A/S, stopped in Chicago while returning from his furlough in Plymouth, Michigan, and on his way back to Ames, Iowa, where he studies Physics. Bill telegraphed his brother Dean, PHM. 3/C, who is stationed at Great Lakes, to meet him at my place. The telegram was delivered late and when Dean arrived, Bill had left 45 minutes earlier. They haven't seen each other for six months. If neither one is sent across, they expect to see each other within four months. To cheer Dean, I took him over to Kazy and Lil's home for a Lithuanian dinner.

Bob Waitches, S 2/C, would have liked to have been with his sister to help celebrate her birthday. Since this was impossible, he celebrated her birthday in far away Seattle, by seeing the operetta "Blossom Time".

OVER THERE...

Henry James, C 1/C, during the last month, covered quite a bit of ground, visiting Newfoundland, the Azores, and Argentina. He enjoyed watching flying fish, and giant sea turtles on the ocean, and beautiful spring in Argentina. He lacks only four points for discharge.

Mariner Fewell Dyess is stuck temporarily at Subic Bay, P. I., with no possibility of getting shore leave. He goes from one boat to another to see movies, his chief form of relaxation now.

Jimmy Rockwell, S 2/C, sailed from Okinawa to Shanghai. Due to the typhoon the week's trip lasted 18 days.... Another Fairhopean and recent inductee to be in that part of the country is Dorman Porter, also a sailor, now in the Philippines.... A cousin-in-law of mine, Ted Seitzhoff, is in Hiroshima. That's the place that was once a city before the Atomic bomb wiped it off.

Cousin Peter Rozgus SF 1/C, a Sea Bee now in Manila, has seen a lot of Filipino folk dances and wishes I were there. Says he; "life in Manila is O. K. but, there is no place like home." He hopes to be back in Chicago by the first of the year. Many others are expected too, among them, Joe Lankus, George Boyd, Edward Papciak, Casimir Zurawski, Jimmy Zarroll, Gene Grossman, Arthur Tumosa, Frank Johnson and many others.

Lt. Jimmy Casebere writes that he works as though the war was just beginning. He is a personnel officer in a translator and interpreter unit and his most spectacular job at hand is the Yamashita trial.

OUR VETS



S/Sgt. T. J. Klumpp, Jr., of the Army Air Force, arrived in Fairhope during the last Sunday of October, discharged. He has been in the Pacific; Bougainville, The Admiralties, New Guinea, Morotai, Samar, P. I., and Leyte. Brother Bernie is in Mannheim, Germany, with a Quartermaster Base.

S/Sgt. Al Lankus, was handed his discharge papers on Oct. 14th at Maxwell Field, Alabama. This surprised him, as he was not told that he was slated for discharge. In turn, he surprised his little woman by walking in on her at 2:00 A. M., without notifying her of his discharge. Al, one of the foremost of our LYS male folk dancers, was in the service for 33 months. His training started in Alabama and ended there. He was stationed for about a year in England, where he served as a tail gunner with the 8th Air Force. At Maxwell Field he taught boxing and was in charge of recreation.

Two of my cousins, the Charnes brothers, were also discharged during the last month. Capt. Alvin is a vet of the Mediterranean Theatre from where he piloted bombing missions over Germany and Austria. He completed 50 missions, 13 of which were over Vienna. He was heavily decorated. He now teaches Physical Ed at the Park Manor School, Chicago.... 1st Lt. Fred was first Navigator on a B-29 with missions in the Pacific. He was the first one to fly over Tokyo as a decoy to draw fire and divert the attention of the Japanese from the real bombers. During that flight, a wind blew off the door of the plane which nearly caused havoc to the instruments and plane. He was also the first one to fly over Nagasaki immediately after the atomic bomb destroyed it. For this flight he received the DFC Medal. He has many other medals to boot.